·APRIL 1921·

Little Folks

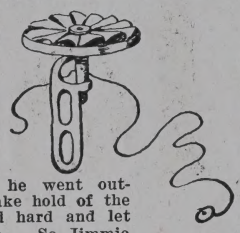
20c.
a copy

$2.00
a year

S.E. CASSINO CO.,
SALEM - MASS.

TO KEEP YOU BUSY AND HAPPY

AERIAL TOP



One day Uncle Ben brought home a new top for Jimmie—a kind of top Jimmie had never seen. "Try it out doors," said Uncle Ben. "It might go through the ceiling." How Jimmie laughed; for how could a top spin through the ceiling? But he went outdoors just the same. "Take hold of the handle tight, pull the cord hard and let go quick," said Uncle Ben. So Jimmie held the handle tight, and pulled the cord hard and let go quick. And up sailed the top—up, up, up,—higher than the bedroom windows. Jimmie just gasped; and all his playmates who had hurried to see the wonderful top gasped, too. "What is it?" Where did you get it?" "How much did it cost?" everybody began asking at once. "It is an aerial top and I got it from LITTLE FOLKS for getting one new yearly subscription—it can't be your own—to the magazine for one year. I got two tops instead of one and so will you. Or you can send 50 cents in cash and get two. They fly in the air and spin on the floor. Who wouldn't want a top like that?"

PLASTELINE MODELLING SET

Mud-pies are lots of fun and so are sand-castles, but you can't make them the year round in many places, and you can't make them in the house, anyway, no matter what good outdoor fun they are, beause they are mussy and get things all dirty. To make nice clean pies and castles in the house, you should have a Plasteline Modelling Set. Plasteline is a substitute for modelling clay, which does not get hard and crumbly no matter how long you use it. It is clean and simple to use, and the number of things you can make besides pies and castles is simple amazing! —doll-furniture, dishes, animals, people, landscapes, maps—it would take a page to tell them all. You can always think of something more that can be made from Plasteline. Plasteline comes in four colored blocks to a set—blue, yellow, green and red—and all the tools you need are your ten fingers and a sharp stick that comes with directions for using the set. Plasteline will give you hours and hours of fun.

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 65c.

CHILD'S HAND-BAG

This dainty little hand-bag of dark blue velvet is just like Mother's. It has a bright, pretty design that looks like bead-work, and it is well-made and nicely lined with white. Best of all, it has a really truly mirror inside. When you go shopping with Mother or play Lady-come-to-see, you will need a bag just this size and kind.

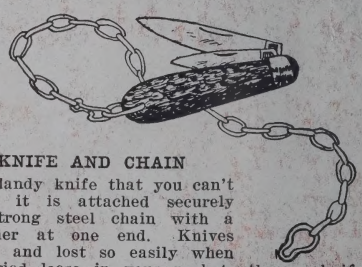
Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to Little Folks postpaid. Cash price, 60c.

Up, up, up in the soft spring air
I send my Vertical Flyer;
As straight as an arrow it spins along,
As high as the birds go and higher.

Up to the tree-tops and over the roof,
With just a pull of the string—
Oh, I think my Vertical Flyer is
The very best toy for spring!

It is. It will take its owner out into the open, exercise cramped muscles, and provide an all-round good time for both girls and boys. Strongly and simply constructed of wood, with heavy card wings. Complete with cord and holder. Guaranteed to fly. Provides all sorts of possibilities in the way of games and contests. As much fun as kite flying.

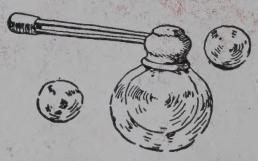
Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS. Cash price, 40c.



BOY'S KNIFE AND CHAIN

Here's a dandy knife that you can't lose, because it is attached securely to a good strong steel chain with a button fastener at one end. Knives get misplaced and lost so easily when they are carried loose in your pocket, that a knife you can't lose is bound to be a knife worth wanting. This 'unloosable' knife is also a knife worth having, as any knife that was going to stay with you ought to be. It has a fine stag handle and two good-quality keen-edged blades. one large and one small. If you enjoy whittling, or if you are a Boy Scout, this is the knife you should have. It makes a fine present, too, for some boy friend or relative.

Given for two new yearly subscriptions (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 75c.



WONDER BUBBLE BLOWER

Blowing bubbles is good, all-round fun for summer of winter, outdoors or in, rainy days or fair. Bubbles are such frail things, and yet there are so many ways of having fun with them—parties, contests, games, stunts. Of course, clay pipes will do, but clay pipes sometimes get dropped and broken, and then the fun is spoiled. Then, too, clay pipes blow just one kind of bubbles. So why use clay pipes when you can get an inexpensive bubble-blower that will not break, and which is especially constructed to blow sixteen different kinds of bubbles which may be made into hundreds of combinations. With it you can blow single, double, chain, cluster bubbles and bubbles within bubbles. And you couldn't do that with a clay pipe! All you need is a bowl of soapy water. And then such fun!

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 25c.

All Kinds of Toys by Mail—Little Folks, Salem, Mass.

SOMETHING IMPORTANT

THE May number of our SOMETHING TO DO DEPARTMENT will be a LETTER BAG SPECIAL, with three times as many letters from our readers as we usually have room for. If your subscription expires this month, be sure to renew it at once so you won't miss this favorite page.

The prize for the best story on the "Something Other Readers Have Written" page for February, goes by your vote, to Gardner L. Winn, Andong, Korea, for his story called *Slow But Sure;* and the prize for the best poem goes to Gertrude Hirshberg, Rockaway Beach, N. Y. for her verses called *Good-Bye.*

Don't miss page 299. There is a message on it for each of you!

Something to Write to other Readers

CORRESPONDENCE REQUESTS

Merece Taralseth, Warren, Minn., who is ten years old, would like to hear from a little girl in New Orleans, La.

Neva Brant, R.F.D. Route 6, Hudson, Mich., would like to have some girl in Virginia write to her and tell her about her section of the country.

Helen Jahn, P. O. Box 203, Cranford, N. J. wants some little boy or girl who lives in the south or west to write to her.

Elizabeth Burt, 16 Buttonwood St., New Bedford, Mass., would like a correspondent who lives in Calif., Mass., or in China.

Claire Barnes, West Cheshire, Conn., would like letters from girls in Seattle, New York or Chicago.

Mary Louise Moss, Wildacres, Uxbridge, Mass., would like to hear from any little girl in New York state.

Rita Sanford, White City, Kansas, would like to hear from any readers, particularly from one in France.

Helen Kyes, Owen, Wis., would like to hear from a little girl in Texas.

Laura Ballard, Box 53, Millington, Mass., would like letters from boys or girls who live near gold or coal mines.

Mignon Peery, 18 West Water St., Winchester, Va., would like to hear from some little girls in Kentucky. She is twelve years old.

Elizabeth Dye, Willard, Ohio, would like to hear from a little girl in Calif.

Charlene Hassinger, Las Animas, Colo., would like a letter from child who lives in Maine.

Something to Guess

Why is a game of tennis like a party of children? There is always a racket.

Of what profession is every child? A player.

What is the difference between a light rain and a young gentleman? One is a mist and the other is Mr.

What is that which we never borrow, yet often return? Thanks.

Can you tell me why
A hypocrite shy
Is the man who best knows
Upon how many toes
A pussy-cat goes?
A hypocrite neat
Can best count her feet (counterfeit)
And so, I suppose,
Can best count her toes.

What are the last teeth called? False teeth.

What tune makes everyone glad? Fortune.

Why do hens always lay eggs in the daytime? At night they are roosters!

What is the best thing to do in a hurry? Nothing.

What trees are the same after being burned as before? Ashes.

What is the easiest way to save your money? Don't spend it.

A man had 26 (twenty sick) sheep and one died. How many remained? Nineteen.

What is it that a gentleman has not, never can have, and yet can give to a lady? A husband.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 258)

Something From Far Away

The Letter Bag

Cascade, Mont.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have not taken you very long, but I like you very much. I am seven years old and am in the second grade. I live in the country, and have three pets, a horse named Temple, a white rabbit, and a dog named Jack. I have a brother named Edward Francis and a sister named Mary Kathryn, who is three months old.

Kenneth A. Mortag.

Vancouver, Wash.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am eleven years old, but I am big for my age. I have two brothers, but no sisters. My father is a first lieutenant in the army. I am a cripple. I write with my left hand because my right one is paralyzed. I am at the Post at Vancouver, and I ride to school in the army bus.

Francis Olive Dewey.

Wenatchee, Wash.

Dear "Little Folks":—I would like to get a letter from Minnesota, as I have a good many real cousins there. I am twelve years old. I live where they raise the best apples in the world, and they ship thousands of carloads every year to all parts of the world. I live close to the foothills of the Cascade Mountains and the banks of the Columbia River.

Clarence Edwards.

Roanoke, Va.

Dear "Little Folks":—I read the letter Bag every month. I started taking Little Folks the first of the year, and I am crazy about it. I am in the 4A grade. I love my teachers. I go to the Lutheran church. My address is 511 Greenwood Road, and I would be very glad if some of you would write to me.

J. Velville Porter.

Mariposa, Calif.

Dear "Little Folks":—We are two girls in California who enjoy reading you very much. The wonderful Yosemite Park is about fifty miles from here. Three great rocks in the Park are called the Three Brothers. El Capitan, the largest rock in the world it is said, has the face of a man. The falls are also beautiful.

Violet Gann and Edna Bertkin.

Woodsville, N. H.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have taken you two years and I think you are the nicest magazine in the whole world. After school nights my friends and I play cowboy and Indians. We have some great times playing it. Once one of my friends and I were caught and tied up, and we were about an inch off the ground. Dorothy Stone and I have a playhouse and we dress up in ladies' clothes and go out walking. We have lots of fun doing that, too. I am twelve years old and in the eighth grade. I wish some boys and girls my age would write to we. I have two sisters, Mildred and Marjory.

Margaret Leonard.

Chicago, Ill.

Dear "Little Folks":—I enjoy you very much. One day when I was in the woods, I found a little baby rabbit and it was frozen. I took it home and bundled it up in a blanket and gave it some warm milk and some lettuce. We were so glad we found it, because it would have died. We heard a few days after we had found it that some hunters had shot the mother and the other babies. I brought it back to Chicago with me. I wonder how it liked that long ride on the train, and then a ride in a taxi, and then another ride on a train, and then another taxi.

Dorothy Jenkins.

Ashtabula, Ohio.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a little girl eleven years old. I used to live in Ashtabula, but three years ago we moved to a farm four miles east. We live three miles south of Lake Erie. On clear days we can see the boats on the water. Once in a long time we can see the whitecaps (waves breaking), or what is sometimes spoken of as "sheep pasturing" on the lake. To the northwest we can see the machinery for loading coal and unloading ore from the boats on the dock. Ashtabula is the largest ore unloading port in the world. I have one sister and two brothers, all younger than I. I live four miles from school, and my brother, sister and I go in the school van. I have taken Little Folks three years and like the stories and things to do very much.

Martha McKibben.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 260)

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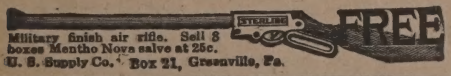
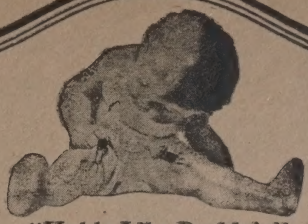


Military finish air rifle. Sell 8 boxes Mentho Nova salve at 25c. U. S. Supply Co., Box 21, Greenville, Pa.



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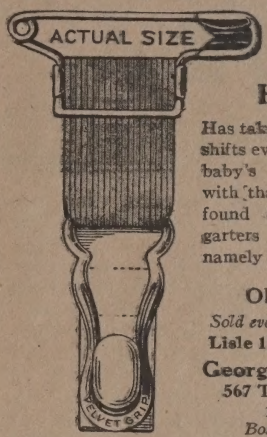
Not only that, but it is made with the *same care* and of the same *quality* as Daddy's.



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U. S. CO., Watch Dept. 35, Greenville, Pa.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP AND MANAGEMENT
of Little Folks
April 1st, 1921
Published monthly, at Salem, Mass
Required by Act of August 24, 1912.
NAME OF Publisher, S. E. Cassino Co., Salem Mass.
NAME OF Editor, Margherita O. Osborne, Salem, Mass
Business Manager, S. E. Cassino, Salem, Mass.
OWNERS: S. E. Cassino, Salem, Mass.
H. E. Cassino, Salem, Mass.
Known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders, None
Signed S. E. Cassino Co. By Herman E. Cassino.

THREE cheers, little cousins, for the pansy—the flower you have chosen for our Home Guard Club. Robin and Peggy and Maysie are as pleased as can be with your choice—perhaps that's because they have such a pretty pansy bed of their own every year—and I'm glad too, for pansies, you know, are sometimes called "That's-for-thoughts" and if pansies are going to help us all to *think of others,* I'm sure ours is a good choice.

Peg says she hopes every one of you can will plant some pansies this month or next. This is how she does it. She buys a basket or two of the little plants in April, May or June, choosing the prettiest and sturdiest plants she can find. Then she takes her trowel and the pansies to the bed where they are to be planted, and breaks the box or lifts the little plants out carefully, so as not to disturb the soil about the roots any more than she can help. Then she digs a hole with a trowel, and takes one of the plants in her left hand, holds it in place in the hole, and fills in the soil around it with her right hand. The plants are about a foot apart. Peg's pansy-bed is in the open sunshine, but if the soil is rich pansies will grow well in the shade. Robin says to tell you that late afternoon is a good time to plant your pansies, because then they can be watered and the sun won't wither them. Maysie adds that neither Peg nor Robin remembered to tell you to cut off all the pansy blossoms after you have set out the plants. That lets the strength go into the little rootlets so that the pansies will get a good start. You need not cut off the buds.

Now, with all that advice, you ought to be able to raise pansies for yourselves and for your friends, even if you have only a porch-box for room! If you belong to a Home Guard Club in your town, and one of you has a large flower-bed he or she would be willing to share, it would be fun for each of you to set out a pansy plant, calling it by your name, in that bed. You could do that at one of your Home Guard meetings, and call it your Home Guard garden. Pansies from that garden would like to be happy thoughts, I know, for sick or lonely people. There are white and blue pansies, you know, and sometimes you will find them in a sort of red; so our Club colors are carried out in our Club flower, and you will like that, too, I know.

How many new members do you think we have this very minute? Eighty-two! Isn't that splendid? From thirty states these new cousins come, and New York state leads with eleven. Massachusetts is second with eight. What state will give us the most members between now and June, do you suppose? Do you want it to be yours? Since Home Guards do not have to be subscribers to Little Folks, though it is nice if they are, you ought to be able to persuade at least one school-mate to join us, and swell *your* state's enrollment. If you can get enough of your friends to join, you can start a little local Home Guard Club of your own.

If you do not belong to such a club, you may like to read this letter.

Holland, Michigan.

Dear Cousin Constance:

I have a large National Guard Club of thirty-five members. Since our last election we have for president Edith Cheff; for secretary, Margaret Beach; treasurer, Mary Beery; judge, Donald Seenhouts, and he chooses the jury. We have as chairman of the sewing committee, Tillie Masiling; cooking committee, Evelyn Beach; deciding committee, Edith Cheff; and police, Donald Cheff and Vernon Wagner. We have the "Petam" and "Yetam" parties. I am "Petam." We are going to have every member take "Little Folks."

Margaret Beach.

And here is another:

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Cousin Constance:

Another little girl (Elizabeth Lamnek) and I are starting a little club, and each child is to make a booklet like ours and try to be a good Home Guard.

Dorothy Vaders.

One of these is a new club, and one is older, but you can see for yourself that Home

(Something To Do Department continued on page 262)

CAPSHEAF
The Safety Pin Without a Coil

SAFETY—to the person and for the fabric pinned

Since the first safety pins were invented many improvements have made them still safer for the user. The safety of the fabric pinned was not considered—until the inventor of the "Capsheaf" made a safety pin without the coil spring which catches and tears clothing. Send 10c. for the sample dozen to 101 Franklin St., New York City. Use Capsheaf once and you will always use it.

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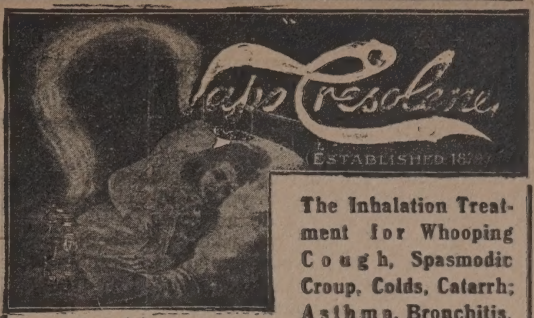

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Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that *a neglected cold is a dangerous cold.*

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The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

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Made in All Sizes

Look for the trade mark—Avoid substitutes

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LITTLE FOLKS' HOME GUARD

(*Continued from page* 260)

Guard Clubs are lots of fun, as long as you try as hard to live up to your Club pledges in your meetings as you do at home.

So many of you have asked me about the Home Guard that I will explain to you what it is—a society of children who love their country of America and who want to be happy, useful citizens of it—just that and nothing more.

Now about the Record Books. You cannot buy those. You make them yourself. Then they are really *your* record books, not *a* record book. Six sheets of note or letter paper will make a nice book. Use the outside sheet for a cover, or make another cover to suit yourself. You can decorate those covers to suit yourself, too, with pansies for a border, maybe; but somewhere on the cover print neatly "MY HOME GUARD RECORD BOOK" and write your name under it, with the year, if you like.

On the first inside page, draw a line across from side to side about an inch from the top, and divide the rest of the page into thirty squares. I cannot tell you how large to make them, because I do not know the size of the paper you will use. In the space at the top, on the first page, write,

"I will be obedient."

If you did not see the February number of Little Folks, which explained our Home Guard system of honors, just write to me and I will explain it to you. I haven't room to do it here.

Rule the second page to look like the first, but write in the space at the top,

"I will be helpful and willing."

That is our Home Guard pledge for the next thirty days; and any Guard who will do a helpful thing willingly every day for thirty days, and write me a letter about it when the thirty days is up, with the letter signed by Mother, will win the second Guard honor, and have his or her name published in Little Folks as an Honor Guard, second rank.

The sort of helpful things I want you to do each day, are not just the things someone asks you to do—you can do that kind, and simply be obedient. I want you to look each day for something to do that will help someone you love or someone who needs your help, and then to do it, not just to win your honor, but because you are glad, in your heart, to do it. That sounds easy, but I can't promise you that it will always be quite so easy to do. But we are going to try, you know, and because there are so many of us trying all together, we will succeed better than we would if we were each trying all alone. Just one thing, every day, and maybe our pansies will help us to remember. Color one of your little squares each day that you feel you have done a helpful, willing thing for someone; and I know you will feel as happy to have done the thing, as you will to see the little white squares change their color. When the thirty days are past, show your book to Mother, and write to me as I told you, with Mother signing the letter.

Next time I hope we shall be able to read a long, long list of Honor Guards, first rank; and I'll tell you about *my* record book and maybe I'll tell you a pansy story I know. Until then, little cousins, I send you my love and best wishes.

Cousin Constance.

SOMETHING TO READ

WHEN we read a good story, we are always apt to ask, "Is it true?" Perhaps that is because true stories are so often more wonderful than the best of make-believe ones. I know a book of stories, published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, N.Y.C., for 88c. that are really the most fascinating tales I have read for a long, long time, just because they are every one true! There isn't a fairy tale anywhere as wonderful as these *Stories of Luther Burbank and His Plant School.* I really don't dare begin to tell you about the book, for I just couldn't lay it down until I had finished it, and goodness only knows what you will do! Please read it; it is far too good to miss. Take it to school next month and ask your teacher to read it to the other boys and girls—they'll be delighted with it, too. These stories of that wonderful man who loves flowers so much will give you more pleasure than any other book of the kind I know.

The Land of the Great Out-Of-Doors by Robert Livingston. Published by Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston and N. Y. Price, $1.75. Pen and Penny, aged five and six, move to the country, and this is the story of their holidays, their plays and their adventures there the whole year round.

The Happy Prince and Other Stories by Oscar Wilde. Published by Brentanos, N. Y. A book of fairy tales with which to grow up, beautifully told and wonderfully illustrated in color. A book you would love to have or to give as a present!

(Something To Do Department continued on page 264)

MY FRIENDS

I HAVE a bookshelf, all my own, for all the books I love;
My little chair is underneath, and pictures hang above.
I keep my LITTLE FOLKS up there, with all my favorite books,
And you can't think how very nice my cozy corner looks!

My mother says that books are folk, as friendly as can be.
I'm sure she's right. They often call, "Oh, please come play with me!"
And when I can, I steal away to wander through the wood
And meet the wicked, wicked wolf with dear Red Riding-Hood.

I climb the Beanstalk with brave Jack, and see the Giant come
A-shouting with his dreadful voice his strange "Fee-fi-fo-fum!"
I try a race with Puss In Boots; of course, I never win!
To Cinderella's ball I go, and her Prince lets me in.

And then I try the slipper on. It doesn't fit at all,
But just the same, I like to go to Cinderella's ball!
The Three Bears find me in their house, asleep with Goldilocks,
And Santa, on The Night Before, brings loads of toys and blocks.

I meet so many playmates in this land of make-believe,
And we have such merry, happy times, I always hate to leave.
But Mother says my book-friends are the very truest kind,
And when I'm grown they'll be the same as they are now, I'll find.

I hope that's true—when I come back to look for them some day,
That they will say, "We're glad you're here. Now, won't you come and play?"
My mother says they surely will—though I grow big and tall,
I'll find they are the same dear friends; they won't have changed at all!

"Cinderella," "Puss In Boots," "Jack and the Beanstalk," "The Three Bears," "Little Red Riding-Hood," "The Night Before Christmas"—you know and love them all, and you will love them longer, perhaps, than any other stories. Wouldn't you like a handsome copy of your favorite among these stories for your bookshelf, or as a gift for a little friend? The print is large, the paper is excellent, the illustrations are many and lithographed, like the covers, in several beautiful colors. They are uncommonly fine books, and each comes nicely boxed.

You may choose any one of the six titles listed above, and it will be sent you in return for two new yearly subscriptions (not your own) to Little Folks, at $2.00 a year. The cash price is 75 cents for each book.

Send all orders to

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, SALEM, MASS.

THE RABBIT RAN UP TO HER

(*See page* 271)

LITTLE FOLKS

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THE FIRST BLUEBIRD

(Little Pilgrim Ruth's Welcome)

DEAR little minstrel of the spring,
Dressed in the blue of sunny skies,
Pipe out your cheery notes to me,
While yet the shade of winter lies,
And to my heart your gladness bring!

Deep were the snows that lingered long,
And still the land is brown and bare,
But now I'll find beneath the pines
The sweet Mayflowers, when I go there.
(Dear little bird, keep on your song!)

Though chill the winds from off the sea,
Soon up the shore the soft spring rain,
And flowers, and bees, and butterflies,
Will follow swiftly in your train.
(Dear bluebird, sing again to me!)

In our old England, far away,
The hawthorn buds, the daffies blow—
But naught it matters now to me,
For fair the flowers are here, I know,
And here, my bluebird, I shall stay!

Dear bird of springtime, you were sent
To sing me sweet the glad surprise
Of each new day in this new land—
And since in you such promise lies
Of happy hours, I'm well content!

Hiram Putnam Barnes.

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THE STICK THAT TALKED

BY YETTA KAY STODDARD

BAILEY BEGAN THUMPING WITH A STONE

BEN lived on one side of Canyon Pedro. Bailey lived on the other. They were *little* boys and the canyon was deep and dark and neither had ever been very far along the trail that led into it. Still, without ever coming close to each other, Ben and Bailey had very good times playing together, nearly every day.

"Hello, Ben!" Bailey would shout when he came out to his edge of the canyon.

If Ben was back of his house and did not hear him at first, Bailey began thumping with a stone on an old tin pan. This soon brought his playmate to the canyon.

"Hello, Bailey!" Ben would call. "What do you want to play today?"

Sometimes they would race; setting up markers which seemed to them about the same distance apart, they would try to outrun each other. Sometimes it would be stone-tossing, to see if they could throw a stone clear across the canyon. If only they could do that, then some day they could have a game of catch-the-ball.

When time came to stop playing one or the other would shout:

"I wish there were a bridge across the canyon!" And the other would answer, "So do I!"

Far down the canyon stood a thin dead tree. *El Palo*, the

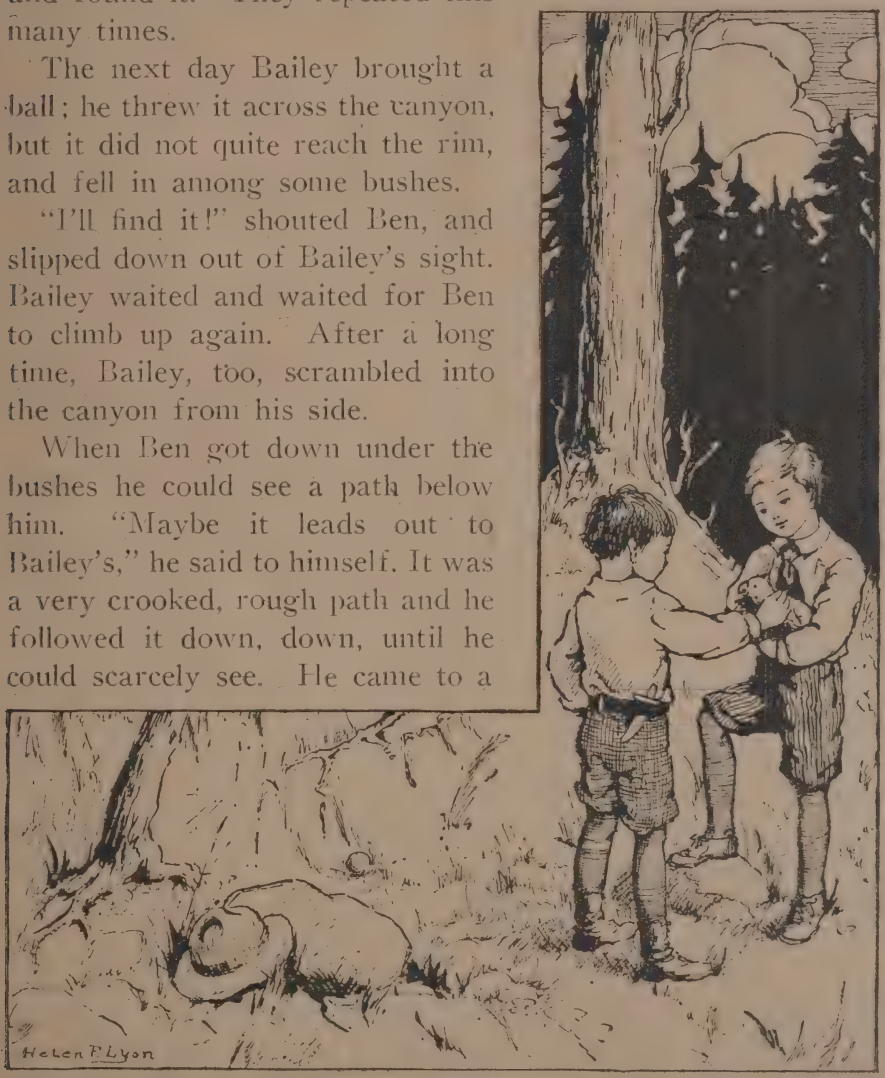
stick, it was called. Both Ben and Bailey could see its upper branches, and they were curious about it; they wondered how it looked from the under side, and what had killed it, and if you could climb into it.

One day Bailey succeeded in tossing a round stone over to Ben. Ben picked it up and by trying his very hardest, sent it almost across to Bailey, who scrambled down into the canyon and found it. They repeated this many times.

The next day Bailey brought a ball; he threw it across the canyon, but it did not quite reach the rim, and fell in among some bushes.

"I'll find it!" shouted Ben, and slipped down out of Bailey's sight. Bailey waited and waited for Ben to climb up again. After a long time, Bailey, too, scrambled into the canyon from his side.

When Ben got down under the bushes he could see a path below him. "Maybe it leads out to Bailey's," he said to himself. It was a very crooked, rough path and he followed it down, down, until he could scarcely see. He came to a



"IT'S OUR COOK'S PARROT"

post and leaned against it, for he was tired and beginning to think he might be lost.

"Hello, Ben!" came from above him.

"Bailey, Bailey, hello!" he cried. "Are you here, Bailey?"

No answer came for a minute, then someone asked: "What want to play today?"

"Bailey!" Ben was sure his friend was near. He crept forward again and saw a twisting, stony path leading upward. Hurrying now, he nearly ran into Bailey.

"Hello!" both said together.

"How did you get over here? Is there a path?" asked Bailey.

And Ben, instead of replying, asked:

"How did you get up here so quickly from down there?"

"Down there?" repeated Bailey. "I haven't been any further down than this."

"But something down there talked to me," Ben insisted.

"Come on, let's see what it was," Bailey proposed.

So they crept to the post in the dark place below.

"Hello, Ben!" Again the words came, in Bailey's voice. Bailey put his arms around the post.

"Give me a boost," he said. "I'm going up to see what it is."

"It's El Palo, the stick," he called, in a moment.

"How can a stick talk?" asked Ben. "I'm coming up, too!"

"Hi—yi, Polly!" Bailey was squealing now, as he came down the stick. Ben had to scramble to get out of his way.

"It's our Chinese cook's parrot that was talking to you, Ben. He was up there, perched on the stick and Sing Ying has been looking for him for three days. No one thought of coming into Canyon Pedro for him!"

"Say, Bailey, if Polly hadn't spoken to me, I don't believe I'd have found the way up to where you were. I thought I was lost," said Ben, stroking the bird's feathers.

"I thought it was the stick talking!" laughed Bailey. "Now, we can play together every day, Ben. You can show me the way from the stick up to your side. You know the way up mine."

"And here's the ball," said Ben. "I found it on the path."

(Retold by Margherita O. Osborne)

THERE lived in Italy, over six hundred years ago, a little girl named Oringa. Her father and mother had died when she was a baby, so Oringa lived with two brothers who were much older than she; still she was able to help them by driving the cows to pasture and watching them all day. She was always happy, for she loved the out-of-doors, and was so sweet and kind that she made friends with all sorts of creatures. The cows knew her voice and would come when she called.

But when Oringa was leading her cows to pasture, one day, a rich old man saw her and thought she would make a good wife for him. So he asked Oringa's brothers to let him marry her.

But Oringa did not want to be married. "I love the woods and the fields and my thoughts of God, and I do not want to change my way of living," she said.

"You do not know what is best for yourself," said one of her brothers. "It will be a very fine thing for you," said the other, "to live in a fine house and have fine clothes." And they promised the rich old man that he should have Oringa for his wife.

But before the day of the wedding arrived, Oringa ran away. She had made up her mind to walk to the city of Lucca, many miles from her home, and she planned to get work there and earn her living.

Early in the morning, after she had taken the cows to pasture, she started on her journey. She walked all day, but darkness came while she was still in the forest, and she lost her way.

Oringa loved the forest creatures, but at night she was afraid, for the shadows were so deep and dark and the sounds were so strange that she could not feel sure they were made by friendly animals.

She was beginning to cry and to wish that she had stayed at home, when a little hare no bigger than a kitten ran out of the bushes and began to jump and frolic before her.

"Oh, you dear Bunny!" cried Oringa, holding out both hands; and the rabbit ran to her and allowed her to stroke its soft fur and even to cuddle it in her hands. The little creature seemed to know that Oringa was lonely and frightened and it played with her for hours, until she was tired out and both of them fell asleep.

When daylight came and they awoke, the hare ran and frisked ahead of Oringa until it had led her to the road, then it ran back to the forest and Oringa went on to the city.

Kind people took her into their home and Oringa grew up to be so good and kind that people called her a saint, and the pope appointed a day for her honor.

IN SPRING

BY ANNETTE WYNNE

A FAIRY wakes and starts to sing,
The grasses hear below,
And every seed says: "Why, it's spring!
I guess I'll have to grow.

it would be swollen for many a day, was quieter. Later, the sun fought its way through the clouds warmly.

But while the warmth and light cheered most of the refugees immensely, it terrified the Otter family almost more than had the cloud-burst. For they are night people, loving darkness, hating to show themselves by day.

Had Father and Mother Otter been alone, they could easily have made a series of dives beneath the floating logs and swam away to some new home along the muddy shore. Or had an enemy attacked them, they could have put up a first class fight. But there were the four pups.

Now Father and Mother Otter could each have taken a pup in their mouths while they swam to safety. But that would have meant leaving the other two behind, and no telling what might happen to them there, alone, on their raft, the wee, velvety things, with so many creatures about that would like to make a meal of them.

Then an idea came to Mother Otter. First she took one pup to shore and hid it away in a cranny of the rocks, while she left Father Otter to guard the other three. On her return, still leaving him on guard, she got a second. After that they each took one of the two remaining pups to safety.

The ducks rode the flood like so many toy boats, though they were dreadfully uneasy at finding themselves among so many of their enemies. But then, they could always fly away.

As for Lotor and Ringtail, the raccoons, crouched high up in their hollow trees, for fear the waters should creep clear to their entrance holes, they led their cubs still higher, into the top-most branches.

Such funny little whines and whinnies as those little 'coons gave, as they dug their claws into the bark! It was such a terrifying world of gray-green water, churning with logs, and alive with swimming animals!

Twinkly Eyes began to wonder if he could not paddle his log to shore. Dangling his broad little palms in the water, as he lay crouched astride his tree-trunk, he tried to row. But the branches were too heavy. Quick to reason out the trouble,

he leaped to a smaller log, one that floated without branches. But it was slow work. Finally he plunged in and swam to a shelving bank.

But now a gleam of mischief twinkled in his eyes. For passing on a floating bit of driftwood not far from shore, he could see the little row of king-fishers. They had been driven from their home in the mud bank and forced to take refuge like the rest.

Mother Kingfisher was most distressed, for of course the babies could not fly, and she saw no way of getting them to shore. 'Round and 'round above them she hovered, uttering the most mournful cries, while they, poor hungry waifs, gazed up at her with great, round, trusting eyes, their beaks open for the breakfast they expected her to bring them.

Twinkly reached out from an overhanging shelf of the ledge, pawing at the water to create a current, not much of one, but enough to bring the log his way. Finally he could barely reach its forward end, and setting his sharp claws into the bark, he drew it to him, thinking to tease the pair that had so threatened his eye-sight.

Mother Kingfisher watched with a curious gleam in her eyes. At first she was afraid he meant to harm her fledglings. Then to her also came a bright idea! Uttering a quick, sharp command, the moment she saw a corner of the log touch shore, she made the whole row of top-heavy fledglings run along the log and leap to shore. To them the little black bear had been a god-send.

As for Twinkly Eyes, another log came floating by, and on it, a whole colony of field mice. Now Twinkly was considered a walking mouse-trap. Again the rascal reached out a paw and coaxed the log a little nearer.

"My! I can feast off these fellows for a week!" he was just telling himself, when to his amazement the mice began leaping to land. He had forgotten they could jump so far. "The impudent things!" he thought, turning a somersault after one whose tail had tickled his nose.

But so swift were they, and so desperate, that most of them

TWO KINDS OF APRIL-FOOL

BY

MARGHERITA C. FORBES

JOHNNY and Jamey were two very good little boys. That is, they were usually very good little boys, but to-day was April Fool's Day. Johnny and Jamey wanted very much to fool somebody. So they got up very, very early on the morning of April Fool's Day, and tiptoed very, very quietly downstairs. But when they reached the kitchen they found that Maggie had arisen even earlier, and the teakettle was already singing, and the breakfast cereal was cooking on the stove.

When Johnny saw this, he hurried right back into the dining-room, and when Jamey saw this, he hurried back into the dining-room, too.

Then Johnny took the pepper shaker off the table and went into the kitchen again, and Jamey went into the kitchen again, too.

And Johnny went right over to the stove, where the breakfast cereal was cooking, and tipped the pepper shaker right upside down and shook it as hard as he could.

Then Jamey took a spoon and stirred the pepper all up nicely into the cereal, and then Jamey went back to the dining-room again, and Johnny went back to the dining-room again.

All this time, Maggie had been cutting up fruit for Johnny's and Jamey's mamma and papa, and singing while she did it.

She didn't see Johnny shake the pepper into the cereal or hear Jamey stirring it in.

When Johnny's and Jamey's mamma and papa tasted their cereal, oh! but didn't they make up funny faces!

And Johnny and Jamey called out, "April Fool," and oh, didn't they laugh!

Then after breakfast, Johnny and Jamey hurried away to school, and worked very hard all day.

When they got home to supper, there was a very, very mysterious looking bundle beside each of their plates. You can believe they hurried to open them to see what was inside.

When the outside wrappings were off, there was a pretty pink candy box for each.

Johnny took the cover off his box, just as quickly as could, and then "Oh," he said, and looked so disappointed!

Jamey took the cover off his box, just as quickly as he could, and then he said, "Oh," and looked so disappointed!

For the boxes were both filled with little, round, hard pebbles. But Father laughed and laughed. Then he said, "Why don't you taste them, sons?"

Johnny's eyes grew big with wonder, but he took one, just the same and put it in his mouth.

Jamie's eyes grew big with wonder, but he took one, just the same, and put it in his mouth.

Then, "April Fool," called out Father, for the stones were not stones at all, they were candy.

Then Jamey looked at Johnny and smiled, but he looked just a little bit ashamed, and Johnny looked at Jamey and smiled, and he looked just a little bit ashamed, too.

FOUR LITTLE COTTONTAILS

by FANNIE FERNALD PAINTER

MRS. Cottontail was a very proud and happy mother as she looked fondly down at the four little furry balls snuggled beside her in the burrow.

The Cottontail home was on the edge of the wood in a nice sandy bank, and the door was skillfully hidden behind a clump of sweet fern. How Mother and Father Cottontail had worked to make the place ready for the little folks!

They dug a long straight tunnel about a foot below the surface of the ground, taking care to have the door high and sheltered, so that rain could not run into the house. From this central hall ran other tunnels in various directions, each ending in a cosy room, large enough to hold the family. There was both a front and a back door, so that, if an enemy, like the weasel or the ferret—both small enough to go where a rabbit can go—should follow them in at one door, the rabbits could escape by the other.

"It is hard work, but it's the only safe way," puffed Father Cottontail as he threw up the dirt with his front feet, shoving it out with his nose, and even turning round and pushing with all his might, with braced hind feet, whenever a very hard bit of earth was found.

"Yes, it's much wiser," agreed Mother Cottontail as she aided in rolling a ball of dirt out of the way. "We can cover one of the doors in the winter when our enemies are not so

many, and shut out all the wind. It is good to have plenty of fresh air in the summer, though."

At length the home was finished, and for some time after Mother Cottontail kept her little rabbits safely hidden away, but now they were sturdy youngsters, with bright eyes and strong legs, and quite large enough to venture out into the big, beautiful world. They were told just how careful they must be, and how instantly they must mind all warnings; and each little rabbit had promised to do his very best.

"Come, children," their mother called one bright morning, "we are ready to take our walk!"

Stubby and Spotty and Pudge and Budge hurried after her to the door, but, once there, they winked and blinked and winked, for the dazzling sunlight quite blinded their little eyes. After a few moments, however, they grew used to the change, and could see clearly.

Dutifully they followed their mother, and crept carefully away under the protecting ferns that grew plentifully about.

Father Cottontail went on a little ahead, to make sure that all was safe.

It was fun to play on the soft green moss that lay spread like a carpet between the trees, and the babies frolicked about, making queer little attempts to leap like their parents.

"Don't be discouraged, dears," encouraged their mother. "You will soon be grown up, and then you may be able to outrun *us!*"

The wood was soon left behind, and the rabbit family strolled along the side of the dusty road, hiding now and again in the tall grass that grew near.

It so happened that four other little people were out for a walk, too, that morning, and, strange to say, their way led down the selfsame road.

Before long the watchful eyes of Warren and Marjorie and Lydia and Gordon spied the marks which the tiny feet had made.

"Oh, rabbit tracks!" the children cried together. "Let's try to find the rabbits."

"Stamp," went Mother Cottontail's hind foot as she uttered the little shrill whistling sound that means, "Danger! Hide quick!"

At the warning, down crouched each baby just where he happened to be.

The children searched carefully.

"I've got one!" cried Warren, as his hand closed over frightened little Pudge, who had not been near enough to shelter to be hidden.

"Here's another!" called Lydia; and Budge, too, was a prisoner.

The children played carefully with the little things, stroking them softly, exclaiming at their tiny, sharp teeth, their long pointed ears, and the wee stubs of tails that looked exactly like a wisp of white cotton.

The rabbits, finding that they were not going to be hurt, stopped trembling, and nibbled at the clover held out to them, then in a short time they snuggled down and went to sleep.

"It's about lunch time, and we'll have to go home. Let's make a little nest under the tree and leave them in it," suggested Lydia. "Father has told me that the mother rabbit won't go far away from the spot where she loses her babies, unless she's very sure they won't come back."

"I want to take 'em home!" lisped Marjorie.

"You wouldn't want any one to take *you* away from *your* mother, would you?" asked Gordon with spirit.

"N-o," said Marjorie, gravely shaking her head. "I fink we'd better leave 'em here."

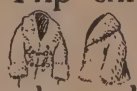
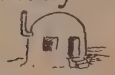
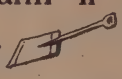
So the little Cottontails were left in a mossy nest in the shade of a big tree, and the children went on their way.

Mother Cottontail waited until she was positive that there was no one about, then she hurried over to her lost babies, whom she found safe and sound, and still fast asleep.

"I'm so thankful," said Mother Cottontail to Father Cottontail, "that those children have been taught to be kind to animals. Only think how our hearts would be aching now if they had carried off half our family!"

The Wonderful Journey of Peter and Little Dog Trip

5

WHOO-OO! How cold it was! shivered and little Trip shivered, for they had no fur  . Ice and snow were everywhere, but there were no . The shone, but there was no . "It is the snowfield on the top of the ," said little dog Trip. "And we shall never get across it!" cried . "Trust me," said . So away they went till they came to the White Bear's  , and there was Mr. sitting on the fanning himself with a palm-leaf , and Mrs. inside at the with the little , each with a and a in his . "Warm, Mr. Bear?" asked . "Warm!" said . "You would be warm if you had shoveled at that snowbank with your  for two hours to find the -dumplings." "But are the under the snowbank?" asked . "Yes," said Mr. Bear. "Mrs. made them and set them out to cool and there came a snow storm in the night and buried them and I am too hot in this fur to dig them

out." "Dear, dear!" said . "But my master and I are good at shoveling and we have no fur . Do you give us each a and sit there with your and we will find the for you." So Mr. Bear gave them each a and they dug and they dug till they were as warm as and tchick! Peter's struck against a ! And lo and behold, there were the , as good as if they had just come out of the and the beat their on their and danced for joy. "One good turn deserves another," said . "Is there anything I can do for you?" "We'd like to get across the snowfield," said . "Nothing easier," said . "We'll all go for the walk. I will take one of you and Mrs. shall take the other and the shall trot along behind." So Mr. Bear took and Mrs. Bear took and the trotted along behind, and before you could say Jack Robinson they were all safe across.

THE GREEN BOTTLE

BY T. L. SAPPINGTON

CHAPTER III.

WHEN, finally, Tommy reached the curtained door, and found the Professor waiting for him, he heaved a sigh of relief.

"No more ancient Rome for me," he said to Professor Smellgood, as he finished telling about his adventure, "and as for that Emperor person, he was too disagreeable for anything."

"Quite so," said Professor Smellgood. "Emperors often are. And now let's hurry. I have some other departments to show you."

Going back over the sparkling pathway, they re-entered the laboratory, and Professor Smellgood gave the blue knob a thump with his fist and shut off the picture of ancient Rome.

"Now," he said, placing his hand on a green knob that showed on the indicator, "I am going to take you to visit a scene of a much later period than the time of the Romans."

"I'm glad of that," said Tommy. "And if they have a circus I'm not going near it."

"You'll find no circus here," said the old gentleman," though I don't mean to say the inhabitants haven't their amusements."

With a chuckle he gave the green knob a twist, and, as before, there appeared an opening with a sparkling pathway leading from it. Down this went the Professor and Tommy, until they came to an archway with a green curtain.

"This," said Professor Smellgood, as he thrust the curtain aside, "is Paris."

"Paris?" responded Tommy, gazing at the city of quaint looking houses with many gables, and narrow winding streets that stretched before him. "Why I saw Paris in the movies, and it didn't look like this."

"Certainly not," replied Professor Smellgood. "Why should it? This is Paris, of a much earlier period—what you call medieval Paris. Paris of the days of perfumes and poisons; high born dames and duels; of quarrelsome bravos and of Monsieur Bouquet, with whom I am going to leave you for a while."

"Monsieur Bouquet?" inquired Tommy. "Who is he?"

"Monsieur Bouquet," said Professor Smellgood, as they made their way through the twisting, roof-shaded streets, "is a chemist—a distiller of perfumes to the royal family, and a very clever provider of poisons also, if you want to kill somebody. Of course I don't approve of the poisons, but I admire him for the way he has developed under my instructions in the art of scent-making. And here, at last, is his house."

"THIS," SAID THE PROFESSOR, "IS PARIS."

Stopping before a tall, rather gloomy-looking building with a balcony over the door, he knocked. And presently the door opened an inch or two, and Monsieur Bouquet peeped out.

"Oh," he said, throwing the door wide open when he saw Professor Smellgood, "so it is you, is it? Where have you been

all these months. I have needed your advice sadly."

"Well," said Professor Smellgood, as he and Tommy entered and took seats in high-backed chairs about a heavy oak table, "it's a long story, so I'll give you only the bare details."

Then he told Monsieur Bouquet how he had been imprisoned in Tommy's mother's bottle of perfume, and how Tommy had released him. "And of course," went on the old gentleman, "on this account I am bound to look out for his future, so I brought him to Fragrant Fairyland Laboratory to give him an education. And with that end in view I want to leave him with you to gather some valuable hints while I catch up with my work. How about it?"

"Dee-lighted!" said Monsieur Bouquet, who was an old fellow with white hair and a skull cap, and very, very sharp, rather wicked-looking black eyes.

"Good!" said Professor Smellgood. "Then I'll be going."

MONSIEUR BOUQUET BEGAN TO QUESTION HIM

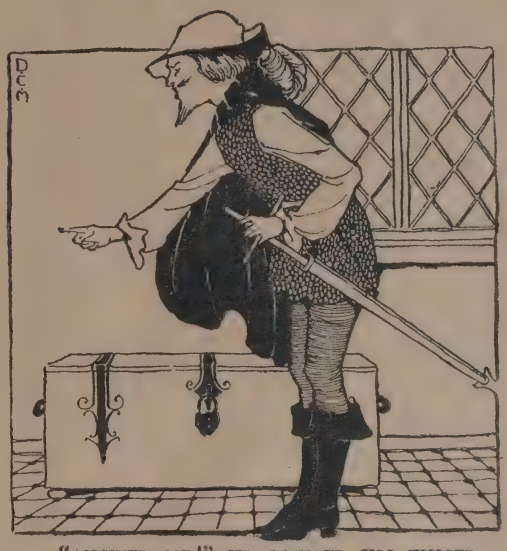
But before he went, he took Tommy aside and gave him a smooth *green* stone. "If you get into trouble, he said, "press this just as you did the blue one. And when you feel you can't learn any more from Monsieur Bouquet, meet me at the curtained archway."

Then he patted Tommy on the back, shook hands with Monsieur Bouquet, and went out into the streets of medieval Paris and back to the Laboratory.

Well, of course Tommy felt rather uncomfortable at being left alone with Monsieur Bouquet; partly because he was a stranger, and partly because he did not care for his looks. Monsieur Bouquet, however, did not seem to feel uncom-

fortable at being left alone with Tommy, and began to question him forthwith.

"Which do you prefer," he asked, "poisons or perfumes? Myself, I prefer poisons. They are so much more profitable. When I poisoned the Count Bon Ami by presenting him with a cake of my scented soap, I got three thousand ducats from the Duc de Lyonnaise for doing it. But, of course, I must admit that perfumes are pleasanter, even if not so profitable. So perhaps you'd rather stick to them. Eh?"



"ANSWER ME!" HE POINTED HIS FINGER AT TOMMY

"Why, yes," said Tommy, "I think I should. At least, I don't want to poison anybody. I think that's awful. And besides, I don't see why you don't get arrested."

"Oh, la la!" responded Monsieur Bouquet, waving his hand airily. "No fear. If they arrested me, who would prepare the scents for the king and queen? Ma foi! Arrest me? How droll!" He laughed with a sort of hoarse cackle. "But come, you must learn; you must study. I am extracting the odor of the violet today. You shall help me."

So Tommy went into Monsieur Bouquet's laboratory where were huge baskets of violets freshly picked at dawn that morning while their perfume was the heaviest, and until nightfall he sorted and snipped, and snipped and sorted, while Monsieur Bouquet crushed the flowers into the receptacle that would extract their sweetness. And then, when at last the work was done, Tommy and Monsieur Bouquet sat down to supper.

And while they were eating a visitor came. A tall man with

a gray mustache, and a tuft of hair on his chin. On his head was a plumed hat, on his feet high boots with soft leather tops, while at his hip dangled a sword on which his hand continually rested. He came in without knocking, and he was much excited, his eyes glittering, and his teeth flashing beneath his mustache.

"S'death!" he hissed to Monsieur Bouquet. "I must see you alone."

"Speak freely," responded Monsieur Bouquet. "I have no secrets from my assistant. He is most discreet. His name is Tommy Totten."

"Totten!" bawled the stranger, glaring at Tommy. "Mayhap he is kinsman to Baron Totten of Tottenham Castle. If so"—he snatched his sword half way from its sheath, and then sent it back with a crash.

Monsieur Bouquet looked at Tommy inquiringly, and Tommy, rather scared, looked at him. Then both looked at the newcomer.

"Gadzooks!" roared the stranger, "Answer me." He pointed his finger at Tommy meaningly. "Are you or are you not kin to the accursed Baron Totten of Tottenham Castle?"

"Why—why, no," stammered Tommy, backing away. "No indeedy! I—I never heard of him."

"Ah," said the stranger, sitting down at the table, and pouring himself a cup of wine.

"Ah," said Monsieur Bouquet, pouring *him*self a cup of wine. "What a relief! Now there will be no duel." Then he turned to Tommy. "This gentleman," he said, waving his hand at the stranger, "is the Duc de Lyonnaise, who paid me the three thousand ducats."

"Vive le Lyonnaise!" shouted the Duke, pounding the table with his cup.

"Vive le Lyonnaise!" responded Monsieur Bouquet, pounding *his* cup on the table.

"Vive le Lyonnaise!" cried Tommy, pounding *his* cup on the table. For he thought he'd better do it to be on the safe side.

"Zounds!" shouted the Duke, heartily. "What friends have

!" Then suddenly he scowled. "But enemies, too," he added, gritting his teeth as he leaned across the table toward Monsieur Bouquet. "Listen, monsieur, I must have a pair of poisoned gloves at once to give the Chevalier de Jardiniere."

"But why?" asked Monsieur Bouquet.

"Bah!" responded the Duc de Lyonnaise. "His nose is knobby. His ears stand out. His toes turn in. He is de trop! Monsieur, the gloves at once, at your own price."

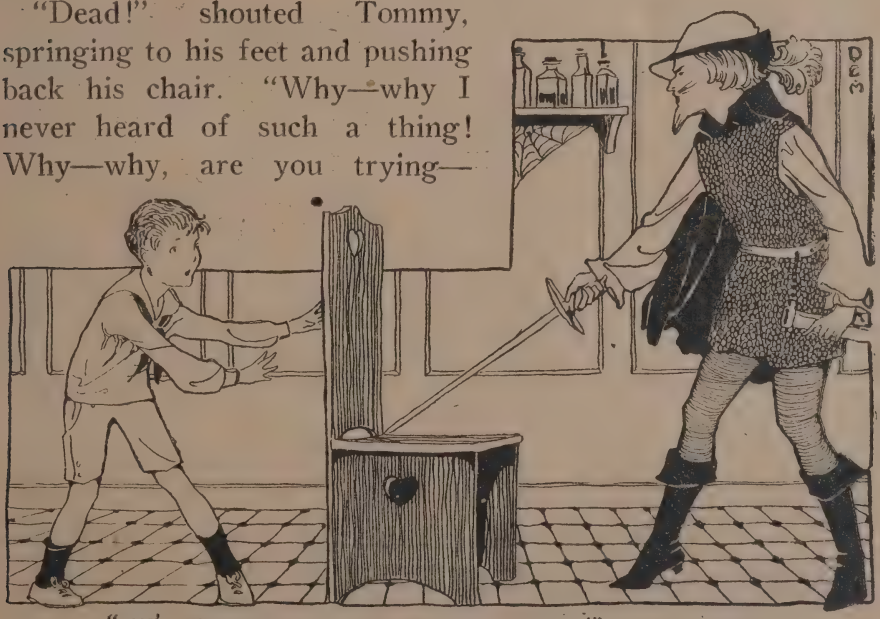
"Good!" said Monsieur Bouquet, rubbing his hands. "I will go and prepare them."

Rising, he left the room. Tommy and the Duc de Lyonnaise stared at each other across the table. Presently the nobleman brought forth his handkerchief with a flourish. "Smell that," he cried. "Is it not ravishing? One of Monsieur Bouquet's latest scents."

Tommy sniffed at the handkerchief as requested. "M'm'm!" "It *is* nice. I never smelled anything like that before."

"Smell it again!" cried the Duke, eagerly. "Smell it a couple of times. You won't feel any pain. You'll be dead before you know it."

"Dead!" shouted Tommy, springing to his feet and pushing back his chair. "Why—why I never heard of such a thing! Why—why, are you trying—



"DON'T YOU DARE STICK ME WITH THAT THING!" YELLED TOMMY

How—how dare you?" Tommy was both angry and frightened.

"Why not?" inquired the Duke, calmly. "One must do something to amuse one, and I can't kill the Chevalier de Jardiniere for at least a half hour. Do smell the handkerchief again, I beseech you."

"No," snarled Tommy, drawing away, "I'm not going to smell your old handkerchief, you—you old villian!"

"Villian!" bawled the Duc de Lyonnaise, springing to his feet. "Caramba! I—a villian? A bas le Tommy Totten! Draw and defend yourself!" Snatching out his sword he made a lunge at Tommy.

"Don't—don't you dare stick me with that thing," yelled Tommy, pushing a chair between him and the furious nobleman.

"Coward!" hissed the Duke. "He hides behind a chair! He is not fit to be poisoned! He shall die by the sword!"

Whereupon he did his best to make Tommy die that way. Round and round the room they went, the Duke stumbling over the chairs Tommy kept thrusting at his legs, and making furious thrusts with his weapon at the boy.

"Help!" bawled Tommy. "Monsieur Bouquet! Help!"

Monsieur Bouquet thrust his head into the room, and then withdrew it swiftly. "If you must fight, gentlemen," he shouted through the keyhole, "pray do so more quietly; and pray do be careful of the furniture!"

And when Tommy heard him say that, his heart sank, for he knew the craven Monsieur Bouquet was *not* going to rescue him.

However, by this time he had been able to erect a barricade of chairs in front of where he stood in a corner, which barricade the Duc de Lyonnaise was pulling down as fast as Tommy piled it up.

"Poltroon!" snarled the Duke. "Did you not hear the good Monsieur Bouquet ask you to be careful of his furniture? Look, how you are scratching his chairs. Behave yourself! Come out and die honorably."

"I won't," said Tommy, "and I hope I have scratched the

furniture a lot. Oh, if I only had something—" He stopped with a gasp, as he had in the Roman arena. All of a sudden he remembered about the green stone Professor Smellgood had given him. What a silly he was! Quickly he thrust his hand into his pocket. There was the stone. He pressed it, and then—he gave another gasp, for nothing happened. The furious Duc de Lyonnaise still made at him, as determined as ever.

"It won't work," wailed Tommy. "It won't work. Isn't—isn't it—it awful?"

With a groan of despair he pulled the stone from his pocket and stared at it. Why, it was the blue one he'd had in Rome. No wonder it wouldn't work. It was the *green* one he wanted. Plunging his hand into his other pocket he yanked the green stone out quick, and just as the Duc de Lyonnaise pulled down the last chair he pressed it.

Zip! The Duc de Lyonnaise stiffened with a jerk; his eyes stuck out; his sword clattered to the floor, and by the time Tommy had breathed a sigh of relief, the Duke was lying in a heap alongside his weapon.

"Ah," said Monsieur Bouquet, emerging from the adjoining room, "so you have vanquished him. Well done! But I hope he is not done for good, for he is a good customer. However, I cannot help but praise you."

"I don't want your praise," said Tommy, scornfully. "You're—you're what my father calls a bad egg, and—and that old Duke is another. I'm going back to Professor Smellgood."

Whereupon he left Monsieur Bouquet's house and started back to the curtained archway; and while he had rather a difficult time finding it on account of the darkness and the crooked streets, he finally did, and the minute he arrived—presto! Professor Smellgood appeared and led him along the sparkling pathway.

"You didn't stay very long, did you?" said the Professor.

"I stayed long enough," said Tommy. "And I think this medieval Paris is just about as unpleasant as ancient Rome. Can't you show me a *nice* place the next time?"

(To be continued)

HE TURNED A SOMERSAULT AFTER A MOUSE WHOSE TAIL HAD TICKLED HIS NOSE

WOOD FOLK OF LONE LAKE

BY ALLEN CHAFFEE

Author of "Twinkly Eyes," etc.

(Illustrations by Peter Da Ru)

CHAPTER XII.—THE END OF THE TRUCE

EVERYONE was terrified save Twinkly Eyes. That mischievous young acrobat had already learned to balance on a floating log, and he was beginning to enjoy the excitement. He had leaped from one log to another till he rode a branching tree trunk. Against the branches other logs were piling up in a way that was choking the outlet of the lake and making the flood far more dangerous. But with a biff! biff! biff! he knocked each newcomer away till the danger of a log-jam was past. Indeed, it may be that the naughty fellow was sorry there were not more logs for him to biff! For with one shove of his powerful little fore-arm he could send a visiting log back home again.

The rain ceased, the wind veered 'round, and the lake, though

THEY GOT SPANKED IF THEY REFUSED TO TRY

were scuttling up the bank behind him before he half realized that they has escaped him. "Just my luck!" he growled deep down in his throat. "I should have left them on their raft."

But the mice were mighty glad, let me tell you, that rescue had come in such a surprising fashion.

The day passed. One by one the refugees made their way to safety, and found themselves new homes on the receding shore-line of Lone Lake.

There was just one member of the little colony who was missing. Madame Mink and her baby had floated clear through the outlet of the lake into Rapid River, and they had to locate away down stream, where the murderous little creatures could no longer prey upon the ducks and other small folk. No one regretted their departure from the neighborhood, I can assure you.

Mother Black Bear no sooner saw the waters of the flood cease rising than she decided to wait no longer to give Bluff and Boxer swimming lessons. And that very afternoon she led the droll chaps to a warm shallow, where they were soon mimicing their teacher in every move she made, or getting spanked if they refused to try.

Twinkly Eyes, who had perched in a tree-top where he could watch it all, enjoyed it hugely, especially the spankings.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," he told himself.

(To be continued)

BETTER than my puppy that I love the best of all,
Better than my kitten, or my very bestest doll,
Better than my roller skates, or my chubby baby brother,
The one I love the very best is my own precious mother.

Katherine R. Forbes.

THE YELLOW-CAPPED MONKEY

BY SOPHIE SWETT

CHAPTER IX.—A SIDE SHOW AT THE PHILIBEG FAIR

OVER rolled the pumpkin and lay still again. One would not have thought it in any way different from the other pumpkins and squashes on exhibition at the Philibeg Fair.

Bob Brown walked up and turned it over, and the monkey popped his head out again, looking as grave as a Jack-in-the-pulpit.

But this time most of the Pekoe boys and girls had gathered at the vegetable exhibit, having heard that Orlando Pew had run away with an automobile and being anxious to know what had become of the monkey and the pumpkin. Orlando had left the pumpkin and the monkey alone together and this is what had happened!

The pumpkin was scooped out clean inside, just as one would clean it who was going to make a Jack-o'-lantern, and the monkey had squeezed himself into it through a hole that looked far too small to admit even his lean little body.

How could he have taken out the inside of the pumpkin and squeezed himself into it?

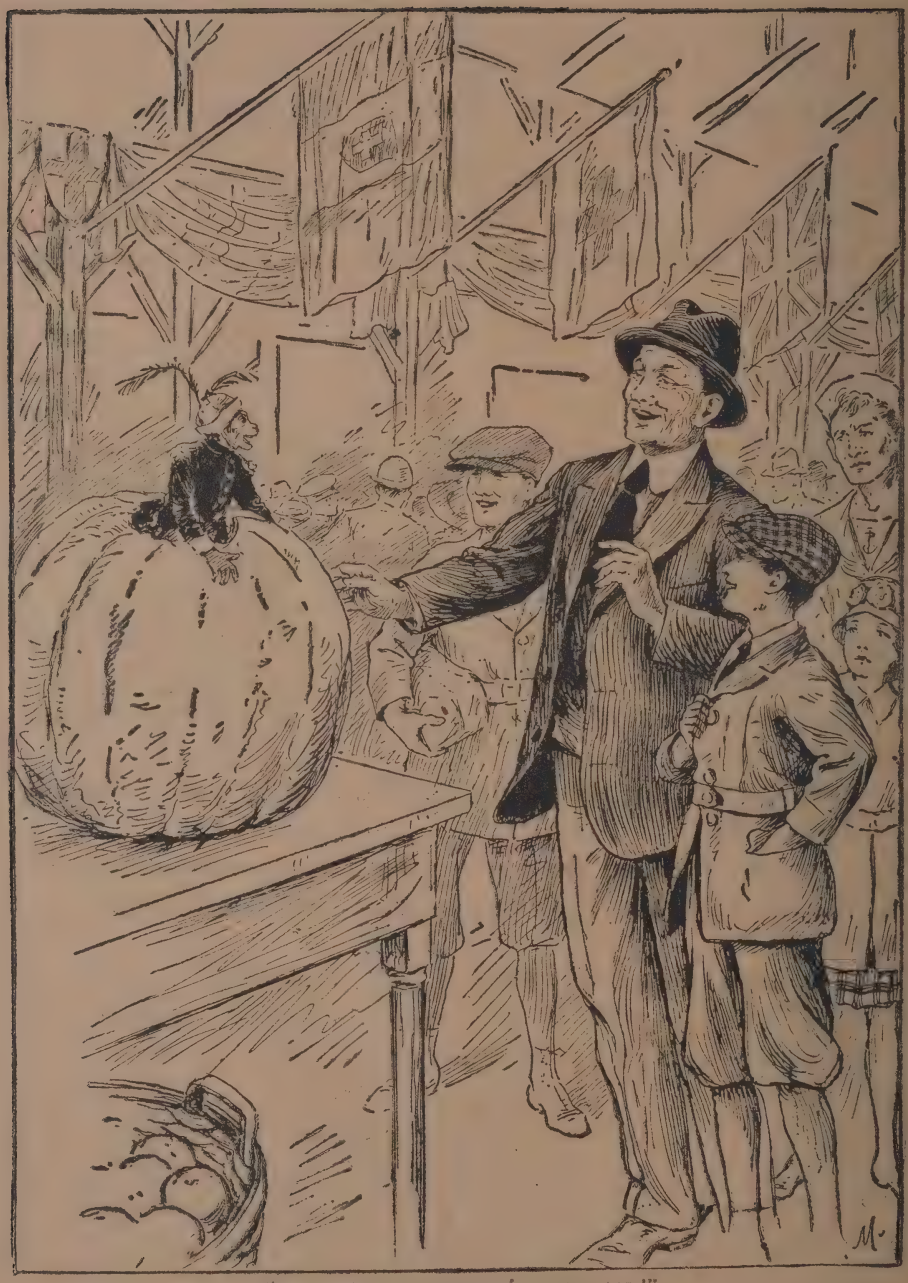
That is what all the Pekoe boys and girls were asking in chorus.

A man who looked like a sailor stood near, looking curiously at the monkey's head. It was he who answered the children's question.

"He can do almost anything, if he is the kind of monkey that I think he is," he said. And he mentioned the queer name of a place on the coast of Africa from which he thought the monkey had come.

He lifted the monkey out of the pumpkin by the back of his neck, as if he were a puppy, and looked him over carefully.

A knife with "O. P." marked on the handle dropped from the monkey's paw. Orlando's knife, which the monkey had managed to take out of his pocket while Orlando was carrying him about, seated upon the pumpkin!



"WELL, IF THAT DOESN'T BEAT ALL!"

"He is very valuable. Who owns him?" said the sailor. "Oh, you needn't be afraid that he would hurt anybody with the knife. That kind of monkey is as harmless as a baby, but apt to be full of mischief, especially if he hasn't been trained."

"Can he be trained?" asked Billy Boy eagerly.

"Trained! There's hardly anything in the way of a trick that that fellow can't learn to do! Some Italian bought him, off a ship, I suppose, and only taught him to hold out his cap for pennies. The sailors who brought him from Africa might not have known how valuable he was; they often don't."

"Perhaps I may like him as well as I liked Yellow-Cap," said Bee hopefully. "Anyway, half of him shall always belong to Pinky Jones," she added firmly.

"I suppose you know that you've got to pay for that pumpkin!" said Billy Boy, who liked to have people know that he had a business bump.

Bee's face grew long, and so did Pinky Jones'. It seemed that owning half a monkey might be a serious thing, especially when one had paid all the money in one's bank for him, and the hurdy-gurdy to which he belonged.

"And that's the very largest pumpkin at the fair! The man will ask a lot for it!" added Billy Boy.

Bee and Pinky Jones looked at each other, and the rims of Pinky Jones' eyes grew red.

She took out her purse and turned it upside down and shook it. There was not a penny! Not a side-show, not a grab-bag had Pinky missed at the fair.

"I would pay because you said he should be half my monkey, but I haven't a cent left!" said Pinky sadly.

"That's the man who owns the pumpkin!" said the girl who had been a little cross because the monkey had changed the tags on all the goods on her table.

And the children saw a large, rosy-faced man, who looked like a farmer, coming directly toward them, with an anxious eye upon his great pumpkin.

Bee was so pale that her freckle looked very yellow, and even Billy Boy would have liked to run away—but of course you

have to stand by your sister if you are any kind of boy. He didn't even allow himself to say that it was better, after all, for a girl to have a doll than a monkey, although that was what he thought. If the monkey had been his he should have taken care of it and not have let it get into such mischief!

There sat the monkey when the farmer came up, head and shoulders out of the pumpkin and looking as grave as a judge.

All the Pekoe girls and boys stood near, but not one of them said a word. They all looked at Bee who was having all she could do to force back her tears.

"Well, if that doesn't beat all!" cried the farmer, and threw back his head and laughed. "My son Tobe must have been here! He's a great fellow for advertising. He keeps a store in Gobang and I send all my vegetables to him. That's a great thing, now isn't it?—setting that monkey to keep house in the pumpkin! Draws a crowd! Advertises me and my son, too! I'm going to have my name and his in large letters stuck up over it! The pumpkin didn't get here yesterday: there was a mistake and a drum came instead. My son Tobe must have seen to things and got that monkey here! Always was a smart boy, my son Tobe! It's worth more to me to have that monkey in the pumpkin than it would be to win all the prizes at the fair!"

"It's my monkey," said Bee proudly, "and he put himself into the pumpkin!"

(To be continued)

THE BIRDS

THE birds are chirping, for they find
Spring weather which is to their mind—
They never knew it half so good
As it is now in leafy wood;
Their nests are ready—at their ease
They live and sing among the trees.

M. J. H.

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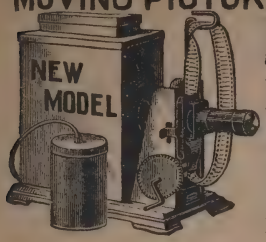

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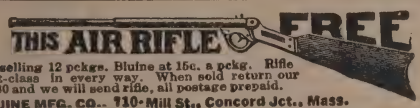

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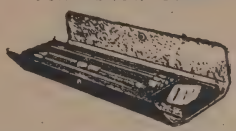

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SOMETHING OTHER READERS HAVE WRITTEN

EVERY other month, we will print as many of the best stories and poems submitted by our readers as the page will hold.

We will give the prizes for the best poem and for the best story, and you, yourselves, may help to choose the prize-winners by filling out the coupon at the bottom of the page.

Here are the rules you must observe:

1. *Write with ink, upon one side of the paper only.*
2. *Stories must not be over 300 words long, nor verses over 8 lines—your own work.*
3. *Put your name, age and address at the top of the first page, with the number of words.*
4. *Contributions for the June contest must reach the Story Contest Editor, care of Little Folks Magazine, Salem, Mass., by April 10th. (There will be no contest in May).*

THE GRAPES CHANGE FLAVOR

By Muriel Telfer, Metuchen, N. J.

Billy Larks, only seven years old, was getting along unusually well in school. His teacher was a fine woman who helped him a lot. He was fond of her and willing to do almost anything for her.

One Saturday, Billy, who lived in town, took a long walk into the country. Passing a lonely house, he noticed an arbor with many grapes quite near the road. The grapes smelled deliciously. He could not keep from looking at them, they were such big, blue ones. He tasted a few; they were so sweet and good that he ate three bunches. He would have eaten more, but a team came along.

Was Billy a thief? Not really; inside he was good. He had learned some bad habits from rough friends. He needed only a good lesson and he was to have it.

He made trips for more of the grapes, coming nearly every day with a bag. One day, as he was beginning to fill a very big bag, he heard footsteps from the house. He hurried behind a bush. There was his favorite teacher with a basket and shears, coming to cut grapes. Now he knew whose house it was. The grapes in his mouth grew so tasteless that he could not swallow them. As he slunk home he spat them out. He never wanted to taste another grape.

Time passed and he grew more sorry every day. At last he told his teacher all about it.

"Billy," she said, "I'm glad they were *my* grapes. I'm your friend. Now you will never again take what is not yours, for anyone may happen to turn out your friend. Here, have a bunch of grapes with me."

Never, never did grapes taste so good.

.....

STORY CONTEST COUPON

I think the best story on this page is

_____

I think the best poem on this page is

_____

My name is_____

THE FLOWER PARTY

By Jos. L. Logan, Culver, Ind.

The flowers had a party,
In fact it was a ball.
They danced in couples gaily,
All up and down the hall.
Sweet William took Miss Lily,
Mister Poppy took Miss Rose,
And they all were very happy
Until the time to close.

A PUSSY BELL-RINGER

By Helen Hulac, McMinnville, Ore.

"Purr, purr, purr!" Pussy sat on the kitchen window-sill with her eyes half shut, and purred and purred. She looked very sleepy indeed; but she was more sly than sleepy.

She was an Angora cat and very handsome. She had long, silky white fur, and fringed ears, and a bushy tail like a squirrel. She often curled it over her back, just as a squirrel would.

Pussy was in the kitchen a great deal and she saw the cook make custards and puddings and cakes. She wanted some. She meant to have some.

She noticed that, whenever a certain bell was rung, the cook left the kitchen and stayed out for several minutes. The bell-cord was within her reach if she stood up on her hind feet. It was not where the cook could see it.

Pussy slyly pulled the cord with her forepaws, and rang the bell. The cook went to see what was wanted, and Pussy devoured a custard in great haste.

Sly Pussy! When the cook came back, she lay in a corner and seemed fast asleep. She played this trick over and over again, and after a while someone hid and watched, and saw Pussy ring the bell.

SPRING IS COMING

By Cita Capuccio, Asti, Calif.

The snow is beginning to fall.
It covers the earth and flowers,
But April will soon be here;
Then there will be many showers.
The birds have gone far south,
But they will come back in the spring;
Then there will be many birdies
Learning to fly and to sing.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 300)

EVERY READER OF LITTLE FOLKS MAY SAVE A CHILD'S LIFE

Dear Boy or Girl Who Reads Little Folks:

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Just get one of your friends to give you a two dollar bill for a year's subscription to Little Folks, send it to the publisher with the coupon at the bottom of this page, and the publisher will send your dollar to the European Relief Fund for Children.

I want you to have a contest by states and see which state can save the greatest number of children.

Each month I will publish the names of those who have sent money in answer to this letter.

Of course you know at least one boy or girl who will be glad to have Little Folks. The publisher is very glad give the money which would be his profit for Little Folks, and keep just enough to pay the printer and the postman for sending it to your friend.

Your loving editor,

Margherita O. Osborne.

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SOMETHING TO GROW

STAR BREATH

BY IRENE WOODCOCK

NOW that the warm spring days have come, boys and girls like to play out of doors all that they can. There are so many lovely plants and flowers, that they forget all about the long cold winter days, when flowers are rare. But sometimes, even on a pleasant day, outdoors seems to provide nothing to do.

On one of these days, take your little pail and fill it with pretty white pebbles, both large and small. Then put them in some place where you will know where to find them later. For they are the soil in which a lovely flowering plant may grow for you next winter!

Perhaps you have seen or heard of the narcissus. It is a beautiful white blossom, like a star, with a yellow centre, and very sweet perfume.

In China, where it is commonly grown, it is called "Star Breath," because of its fragrance and white stariness. The Chinese also preserve the root or bulb from which it is grown and the children buy it to eat as we do candy.

When autumn comes, and the leaves and flowers are gone from bush and tree, how cheerful and attractive a green, growing thing looks indoors. That is the time to think about the pebbles you gathered in the summer.

For a few cents, you may buy one of the bulbs from which the lovely narcissus springs. These may be purchased at the local five and ten cent store in almost any town, or at the store of a dealer in seeds and plants. It will pay you to buy a good bulb.

A few cents more will procure a dish for it to grow in, if you cannot find one at home that will do. It must be a rather shallow dish, somewhat deeper than an ordinary soup plate. Into this place your pebbles, and on them put your bulb. It looks much like an onion. Now fill the dish nearly full of water. For this little Star Breath is a wonder plant, and does not require earth in which to grow. It grows in the water, sending forth its little white roots, in and out among the pebbles of the dish, and after a few days the upper part of the bulb separates, and from it spring up slender green shoots.

One of these is filled with buds, as you will soon observe, and in about three weeks it will break open at the top, and one by one the starry blossoms with their sweet fragrance, appear. The blossoms last for about two weeks. It is very nice to start more than one of the bulbs, placing them in the dish about two weeks apart, which insures many weeks of bloom and fragrance.

Some little boys and girls I know, desiring to make some "shut ins" happy, took this way of doing it last Christmas time. There was very little expense, and a very great reward in the happiness of the sick and old people who received the gift.

As the narcissus is not easily injured by change of temperature, it is not affected by the cool nights when the fire gets low and the house becomes chilly. The only care is to keep it well supplied with water.

SOMETHING TO COOK

Petrolia, California

Dear Playroom Cooks:—I have cooked quite a bit and am sending you a recipe for Divinity Fudge. Boil together, 2 2-3 c. sugar, 2-3 c. water, 2-3 c. Karo Corn Syrup, until it will tinkle when tapped against the side of a glass after being put in cold water. While this syrup is cooking, beat stiff the whites of two eggs, and when syrup is done pour over the eggs. Add 1 c. chopped nuts and beat till creamy. Pour on buttered plates and cut in squares when nearly cold.

Mildred Langdon.

Temple, Texas.

Dear Playroom Cooks:—I have been reading your recipes and thought I would write and tell the readers of Little Folks how to make a cake that I make real often and think it is fine. It is called Victory Cake and is easier to make than any other kind I know of. I put the whites of four eggs into a mixing bowl and the yolks into a smaller one. I beat the whites until they are stiff and then sift into them one cupful of granulated sugar, and mix well. Then I beat the yolks and add to them a teaspoonful of vinegar, and then combine the yolks and whites and mix them together. Next I add one cupful of flour and then one teaspoonful of vanilla. After I've stirred it good, I pour the mixture into a round loaf-cake pan, well greased, and bake it in a very hot oven. When it is done and cool enough, I spread it with a frosting made of two cupfuls of powdered sugar, one teaspoonful vanilla, one tablespoonful melted butter, and enough sweet milk to make a thick paste. This is so simple that any of the Little Folks readers could make it.

Lucille Bridgers.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 302)

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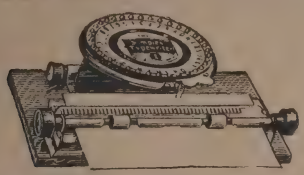

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BUY A WATCH ALL YOUR OWN

Father has a big gold watch that he carries every day; Mother has a smaller one that she wears on a pin or with a chain; Sister has a dear little wrist watch, and even Brother, who has been in the service, wears a wrist watch with a leather strap. And now, here is one for you. It is a Military wrist watch for both girls and boys. It has a nickel case, fitted with Swiss movement, full nickel, 7-jewel, lever escapement, and has a full radium dial which allows you to read the time as easily in the dark as you can in the daylight. It is a stemwinder, pendant set. The strap is of genuine leather, Kitchener style, and can be furnished with either the broad or the narrow strap, making it suitable for either girls or boys. These watches are not toys; they are useful, convenient, well made and keep good time. They are not so expensive that only a few can have them, nor are they so inexpensive that they are not worth having.

Earn one of them in a very short while, by sending only eight new yearly subscriptions to Little Folks (not your own) at $1.50. Or, if you prefer you may have the watch for $6.00, cash.

When you order be sure to state whether you wish the broad or the narrow strap. Ask for one of these watches for your birthday.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, SALEM, MASS.

How Would You Like to Have

ALL THE NEW TOYS YOU WANT---FREE

Don't think you are dreaming, because you are quite wide-awake—that is, you are if you take advantage of this fine offer to earn by a very little effort on your part as many new toys as you would like to have.

First of all, send to us for a Premium List.

When it comes, pick out the toys you would like to have, and notice the number of subscriptions to Little Folks required to earn each toy.

Now, write us for sample copies of Little Folks to distribute among your friends. They will earn your toys for you faster than you could earn them alone. Give these samples to those of your friends who do not take Little Folks, tell them the price is $2.00 a year, and that, if they like the magazine, you would like to send in their subscriptions for them.

Send us $2.00 for each subscription you get, and tell us what toy or toys you have chosen, corresponding to the number of new subscriptions you have secured.

Remember to send for your Premium List---you will need that to see what toys to choose.

Also remember to send for sample copies---you will earn your toys much faster with their help.

And above all, write to-day!

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, SALEM, MASS.

NEW GAMES TO PLAY

CHERRY BLOSSOMS

BY CLARA I. JUDSON

DO you like to play flower games as well as most children do? You do? Very well. Here is a new one for you—a game to be played on a warm, sunshiny day when the grass is dry and everyone feels like frolicing.

This game is played in groups of six children and one extra child who is "the Wind." That is, seven, thirteen or nineteen children can play it best, though, of course, if there is a different number of players the game may be played with a different division of the players.

The Wind is "It" and is selected in this way: line the players up in a row and count out with this little verse—

"Wind, wind, blow us away.
Cherries will come some other day."

Say the verse over and over, one word for every player, until you have been down the whole line of players twice. Then the player whose word is "day" the third time round is "It." Divide the remaining players into groups of six each.

Each group selects one player who is "Cherry" while the rest are "Petals." Cherry stands in the middle of a ring made by the five Petals and the game begins.

The point of the game is to make Cherry stay in the middle of the ring till all the Petals are gone.

Mother Wind runs from group to group as she pleases. When she touches a Petal on the shoulder, that Petal must leave the ring and stand out of the game. The Petals left in must keep the Cherry from getting out of the circle—a task that becomes harder and harder as the Petals are gradually called away by Mother Wind.

Of course the Cherry tries all the time to dodge through the Petals and get outside the ring. If a Cherry does get free, Mother Wind has to take that Cherry's place in the ring and the Cherry becomes the Wind. When all the Petals have been called away by Mother Wind, of course the Cherry is really free, and the game is over.

If there are several circles of Petals, the old Mother Wind has a busy time, you may be sure!

When the game is over, the first Petal that was called away becomes Mother Wind of the second game and so on till every body is tired and ready for a rest.

Try Cherry Blossoms to-morrow and see if you don't think it the jolliest game you ever played.

SOMETHING TO INTEREST YOU

SPEAKING "LEFT-HANDED"

BY GEORGE H. HOLDEN

HAVE you ever tried to hear with your teeth? You can do this quite easily. All you need is a watch and your hands. Place the watch between the teeth, holding it gently by the stem, and then close the lips tightly around, so that a perfect contact is made.

Now tightly close the ears with the fingers, or place the hands over them until no sound can penetrate the ear, and you will be able to hear the watch tick with your teeth just as well as if you placed it to the ear and listened.

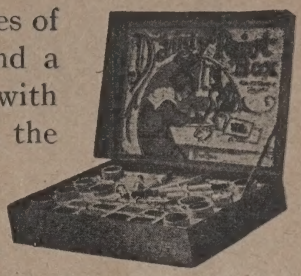
When accidents happen in mines, and the poor miners are being rescued from the bowels of the earth, a method of speaking through the neck is sometimes employed.

To transmit speech from the outside of the throat is very curious. The transmitter is placed in direct contact with the throat, and is operated by the vibration of the vocal cords.

Sometime, when you are speaking over the telephone, hold the transmitter against your chest and go on speaking naturally. Your friend at the other end of the line will hear you quite plainly, and will not know, unless you tell him, that you have not been talking directly into the mouth-piece of the telephone.

In London, England, people who have lost their power of speech, are being taught to speak "left-handed." The patients are induced to employ their left hands and legs as they used to do their right. Cunning and amusing tricks, such as picking up dominoes with the left hand are taught, and it is believed that this will lead to a development of the brain cell controlling the power of speech, and that the unfortunate people will be able to speak again, as well as ever.

THIS DANDY PAINT BOX



Contains 22 colors in paints and crayons: 8 boxes of water-colors, 1 tray of water-colors, 6 crayons and a paint brush, all put up in a beautiful, strong box with a hinged cover. With this box you can color all the pictures in Little Folks and The Children's Magazine, as there is a plenty of paint and a large variety of colors.

Show Little Folks to your friends and tell them the regular price is $2.00 a year, but they can have it four months for 50c. if they have never taken it before. Write out the names and addresses of six such friends, and have them pay you 50c. each. You send $3.00 to us with the names and addresses and we will send you a Dandy Paint Box.

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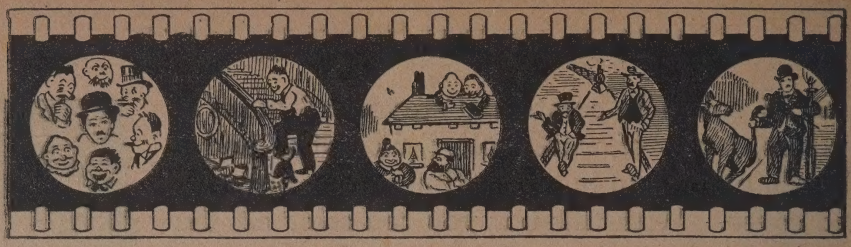

Get This Movie Machine!

Give Real Shows Yourself

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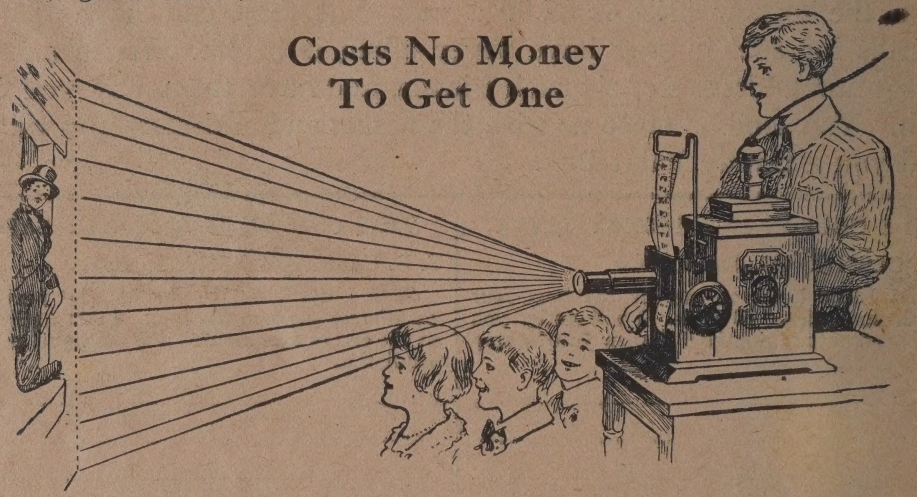

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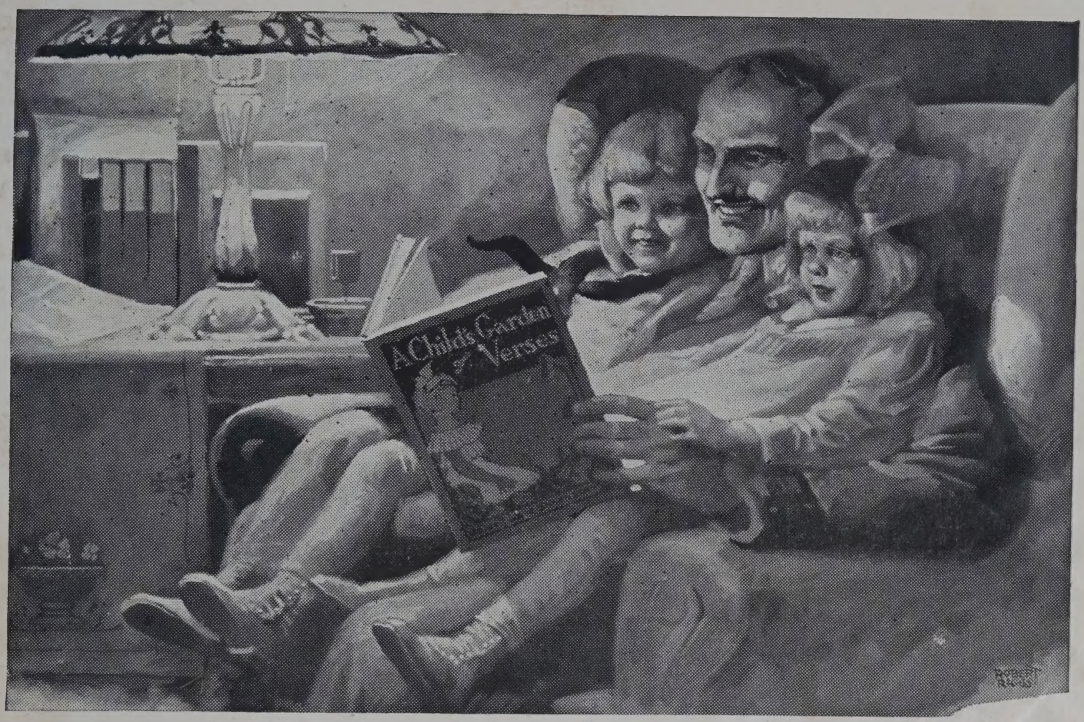

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